In the Land of the Columbine

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LYMAN H. SPROULL.

In the Land of the Columbine

BY

LYMAN H. SPROULL,

Author of "Snowy Summits," "Camp and Cottage,"
"Lines by Lamplight."

CHICAGO, ILL.
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TO

WINFIELD L. SCOTT.

I take pleasure, my dear friend, in dedicating this book to you, not only as an expression of friendship, but in memory of the few happy weeks we spent together in the canons and among the peaks of Colorado.

L. H. S.

Cripple Creek, July, 1899.

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IN THE LAND OF THE COLUMBINE.

COLORADO.

Fair land of the columbine—land where lies
The soft, warm wealth of the sun-filled skies,
Where the long, green slopes of the needled pines,
Are alive to the touch of the flowing winds,
And the mesas break on the mountain pass
With their perfumed, wind-swept tides of grass.

Great jutting spurs with their buttes below;
Dead craters sealed with their ice and snow,
High cliffs where the pinons drop their nuts
By the rocky trail, in the granite ruts,—
Where the summer torrents sweep and leap
From the arching brow of the dizzy steep
To the gorge below.

Still, desolate plains,
Which thirst for a drink from the seldom rains;
Where the drifting clouds, with their great white
wings,
Lift up from the level like living things,
To change and scatter and fade away
In the warm, blue depths of the passing day.

Unanchored from the frozen hearts
Of men among our moneyed marts,
We spread our sail and glide along
The sweet celestial sea of song.

PART I.

NOOKS OF NATURE.

NOOKS OF NATURE.

PRELUDE.

I

Dim nooks in the woodland which sleep in the haze
 Of the soft Indian summer enwrapping the crest
Of the low mountains lying thro' still sunny days
 Like a land in a dream-builded haven of rest—
Where the sun looking in thro' the dim woody ways,
 Drops down like a flame-ridden world in the west.

II

Green isles of the tropics which, pillowed in foam,
 Sleep on with their day-dreaming, moss-streaming trees,
Where the wild, wary natives of solitude roam
 Thro' the hush of the jungle, or gaze o'er the seas
Which shine softly before them, where headed for home,
 The sail of the trader is spread to the breeze.

III

Hushed places hid deep in the mid-summer hills
 Where the vine and the wine-tinted roses amass,
Where the sun intermingles with fountains and rills
 And the bloom-sprinkled, wind-wrinkled meadows of grass;
Where the lilt of the songster is heard as she builds
 To fill you and thrill you wherever you pass.

IV

Low land of the prairies where sunset so oft
 Lies banked 'gainst the groves on the grass-scented plain,
Where the light-breasted, bright-crested singer aloft,
 Pours forth his glad song in the day's lurid wane;
And the hush in the twilight of branches is soft,
 Where the bush is a-tremble with jewels of rain.

V

Dark forests which rest like the clouds of the fall,
Where the far polar mornings, in glory enrolled,
Blaze over the sea-bounded, ice-rounded wall,
And burnish the age-beaten monarchs with gold,
Where the ring of the ax and the thud of the maul
Are unknown to the peace-breathing children of cold.

VI

White summits, sharp broken, which pierce the abode
Of the soft shining clusters of stars which are pinned
To the light-rifted, night lifted curtains of God,—
While the deep-dreaming shadows of twilight descend
To the plains with their bison-tracked, weather-cracked sod
Overrun by the wild, fleeing wolves of the wind.

VII

Fair nooks of Dame Nature—enchanting, divine—
Dim haunts in the bird-raided, fir-shaded glen;
The land of the palm and the land of the pine,
Which call us away from the strivings of men,
To rove in the wilds of the rose and the vine,
And rest in our God-given Eden again.

EVENING.

Sunset lingers thro' the town,
And those tow'ring peaks of white,
Standing 'twixt the day and night,
Cast their shadows, looking down—

Looking down and o'er the parks,
Lonely in the mountain land,
Where the kindled piñons stand,
And the wild coyote barks.

High above the town and higher,
Drifts the smoke in dreamy light,
While the western windows bright,
Blaze and burn with sunset's fire.

Cut in wastes of shining snow
Round the aspen clumps and pines,
Long the trail descends and winds,
Leading to the town below.

Near the zenith, blue and cold,
Heaven's silvery moon is hung,
With her gems the snows among,
While the west has hid her gold.

Darker yet the shadows fall,
Floating, fading into night,
While the mountains, vast and white,
Cast a grandeur over all.

PATHS OF CHILDHOOD.

Paths of childhood
 Leading thro'
Groves and meadows
 Kissed with dew;
Ever onward,
 On and on,
Thro' youth rosy
 Reach of dawn.

O'er the gardens,
 Thro' the corn,
Came the fragrant
 Breath of morn;
From the woodland
 Swept the song
Out of bird-land
 All day long—
Dying only
 When the sun
O'er the western
 World was gone.

MORNING AT THE RANCH.

The gate of morning slowly opes
To spread the soft and radiant change
Of dawn upon the rugged slopes,
Which form the distant snowy range.

Far on the height the early light
Creeps down the pines, along the snow,
To rescue from the grasp of night,
The aspens on the parks below.

Down at the ranch the huddled sheep
Snuff at the breeze which fills the morn,
While softly on the fleecy heap
The infant smiles of day are born.

The shepherd dogs along the sheds,
Stroll with the light upon their breast,
And turn their knowing, clear-cut heads,
To where their charge is still at rest.

Far thro' the chilly mountain air
They sight the Spanish Range aglow,
While on their backs the ruffled hair
Betrays the wind from off the snow.

Vast summits, looming from the plain,
Where breaks the airy flood of light
Against the tow'ring mountain chain—
As breaking on the wall of night.

Now from their dewy beds the flocks
String out along the rocky ways,

Wind up the hills, around the rocks,
To face the sun's bewildering blaze.

How soon the mountain land's astir!
How soon the bright'ning parkland fills
With tinkling bells, which, faint and far,
Chase echoes thro' the pinon hills.

FAMILIAR PHANTOMS.

When the night draws in from the eastern plain,
And the day steals out to the western peaks,
I watch by my cabin again—again
I see the mist-phantoms crawl up the creeks.

They go where the night-winds bid them go,
Far up the canons, a wind-swept flock,
In dark browed gulches and clefts below,
They roost with the shadows on shelves of rock.

When the light steals in from the eastern plain,
And the night goes out by the western peaks,
I watch by my cabin again—again
The white winged phantoms sail down the creeks.

So pale and so ghostly, they face the day,
Blown out from the canons, they crowd and pour;
And glide on the waters as banks of gray,
Or trail o'er the willows along the shore.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The day wheels overhead and spills
 Its life along the jagged west,
 Where hangs the sun's vermillion nest
In clouds above the purple hills.

Outlined against the orange walls
 Of sunset, and the ashen cloud,
 The mountains stand serene and proud,
To watch the even as she falls.

Now blending with each varied change,
 The vast day settles out of sight—
 A boundless, soundless sea of light—
And twilight veils the outmost range.

IN DARKNESS.

The daylight steals from out my room—
 So softly, shyly steals away—
 Thin, ragged edges of the day,
Which night weaves in her gown of gloom.

My shadow fades upon the wall,
 Grim Silence wraps her web around
 The dead, delivered breath of sound,
And darkness settles over all.

FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

He wisely readeth Nature
In every age and clime,
Who traces by his footprints
The works of Father Time.

He finds them in the sunset
And in the morning's blush;
He finds them in the tempest
And in the Sabbath hush.

They mark the grassy hillside,
The valley land below,
They track the perfumed forest,
The tow'ring peak of snow.

The rocks contain the mystery
Of life in other days,
Which opened, give the history
Of Time's recorded ways.

The moon and stars above him,
Along their orbits hurled,
Bespeak the wondrous story
Which fills the baby world.

The struggling souls about him,
With thoughts and feeling rife,
He sees as soldiers tramping
The upward march of Life.

The storm, the flood, the season,
The change in brute and man,
To him are Time's unfolding
Of God's evolving plan.

THE GROVE AT SUNSET.

The grove has donned the rosy blush
 Of distant sunset sky,
And dropped to sweet and solemn hush
 Before my watchful eye.

The birds are settling in the nest,
 With sleepy eyes, which close
To dream of visions in the west,
 And colors in the rose.

From gold to amber—dying out—
 The sunset, fading fast
With fragments of its tints about,
 Till twilight falls at last.

SONG.

Slumber, love, beneath the leaves,
 Slumber with thy dreams;
Slumber while the night-wind grieves
 'Neath the starry beams;
Slumber when the ev'ning dies;
 Slumber at the dawn;
Slumber with thy closed eyes;
 Slumber, slumber on.

Slumber in thy narrow home
 While the flowers blow;
Slumber when the northers come
 With their freight of snow;
Slumber with thy humble trust
 In the loving One;
Slumber into sacred dust;
 Slumber, slumber on.

PART II.

QUATRAINS.

QUATRAINS.

THE ISLE OF CLOUDS.

At blush of sunset now do I behold
A cloud-built island filled with rose and gold,
While all around it lies a cold blue sea
Of ether, starless, motionless, and cold.

AMBITION.

The day rekindles into flame
Ambition—the desire for fame—
While night is filled with softer beams
Where lost ambition finds no name.

THE MORNING STAR.

Upon the forehead of the early dawn,
Ere yet the sun from flaming depths had risen,
I watched it, asking, Has some dear one, gone,
Hung me this signal from the porch of heaven?

OUTDOOR INDUSTRY.

I muse, half dreaming, on the scented grass:
What thoughts these sights, these murmurings suggest!
Here, bee by bee, the freights of honey pass,
There, bird by bird, twig-timber for a nest.

THE GOAL OF HAPPINESS.

The goal of Happiness, resembles, friend,
The buried treasure of the bow we chase,
For when we've journeyed to the rainbow's end
Alas! 'tis faded—or has changed its place.

MOONRISE ON THE PLAINS.

From out the depths of atmosphere,
The full, rich moon ascends to sit
Upon the level plains—so near,
The lone coyote speaks to it.

THE MARCH OF WINDS

I pause to hear the march of winds
 Across the fields of sounding pines,
Against the flame-pierced clouds, that swoon
 Far down the sullen afternoon.



DAWN.

We find between the wrong and right,
 A struggling conscience born,
As ever 'twixt the day and night,
 We see the tints of morn.



DEW-DROPS.

As dew-drops tremble on the flower,
 Swayed by the gentle breeze of even,
So minutes tremble on the hour,
 Stirred by the moving stars of heaven.

THE PAST.

The door is closed, but the specter stands
By Memory's window with beckoning hands,
And gazes back with a longing gaze,
On the blighted meadows of other days.

THE BANKS OF SUMMER.

The warm, right bank of summer, lined with buds
And nodding flowers of the scented June;
While on her left bank stand the smoky woods
Of tinted autumn in the silent noon.

THIS LIFE.

Live this life right; what if it be the last,
'Twill do no harm, if there be millions more;
To-day is better for a good day past,
Each morrow hinges on the day before.

PATH OF COBWEBS.

Across the stubble and the aftermath,
Set thick in shadow, where the spiders spun
We see at even a wide, woven path
Of cobwebs, reaching to the half-hid sun.

THE SENSE OF RIGHT.

Work out your scanty sense of right;
It may be wrong, but your desire
To do the right, to gain the light,
Will raise you higher, bring you nigher.

THE LISTENING ROSES.

The flame of sunset fills the bush,
Where roses, red and white,
Are listening in the even hush
To catch the step of night.

THE BENIGHTED SOUL.

As Noah's dove from out the sullen dark
 Of sad, subsiding waters, brought its leaf,
Shall this lone soul returning to the ark,
 Carry a token of departing grief?

UNDER THE PINES.

The tints of even now are gone;
 Above me I can hear the winds
Move in their cone-beds, while the night
 Is softly settling thro' the pines.

THE RUST OF IDLENESS.

There is a rust in idleness,
 Which, long upon the conscience lain,
'Twill take a stronger hand than ours
 To brighten up this life again.

A SUMMER MOON.

Midnight: a round, belated moon —
 Dim dawn: a pallid satellite on high—
Past sunrise: one dim, silvery shield
 Hung midway on the western sky.

THE RAIN.

Who has not heard the happy feet of rain
 Dance to the windy flutes which fill the night!
Stop short; and then dance, joyous, on again
 Across the shingles in a dream's delight.

JEWELS OF THE SOUL.

As the gems along the shoal,
 Mirrored in the water nigh,
So the jewels of the soul
 Are reflected in the eye.

RAIN CLOUDS.

Black clouds which, anchored by the rain,
Fade out before day's gaudy glare,
Or hovering o'er the sunset wane,
Drop cables thro' the ocean air.

THE WILD ROSE.

Deep in the shadowed woodland hall,
She sits 'mid banks of bloom and bud,
To watch the soft, sweet sunlight fall
Thro' dark blue windows of the wood.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

We measure the land and we sound the sea;
We weigh the worlds and the stars discover,
But the reach of Space and Eternity
Remain unprobed,—and as grand as ever.

COLORADO WHIRLWINDS.

The heavens whip their tops of wind
From cords of lightning o'er the plain,
While rolling, thundering close behind,
The Storm-god wheels his Cart of Rain.



THE CHERRY TREE.

Outlined against the woodland gloom,
We sight the dainty cherry tree;
A perfumed cloud of spotless bloom,
Which breaks its bread to bird and bee.



TRUE GOLD.

True gold is never old, for when
It meets the flame 'tis young again;
And so true love is ever young
While shining in the hearts of men.

THE MOUNTAIN KING.

His crown is snow; his robes are sun;
Bedecked with flowers wild and sweet,
He has the wind to sing his songs,
And laughing brook to wash his feet.

A BLOOM FROM ANTIQUITY.

Once dreaming idly o'er a poet's page,
Forgotten on the misty shelf of age,
A rose burst forth, and lo! what perfumed wealth
Came floating from the garden of the Sage!

THE POETS.

God blesses us in every light
And fills our trusting souls with song;
Yes, fills our hearts when they are right,
But empties them when they are wrong.

DREAMS OF LOVE.

When dreams of love illume the face
Until it glows with fervent fire,
Behold! a message comes of peace
Along the soul's electric wire.



WINTER NIGHTS.

How many a lover on such nights as these,
Has stood, half-dreaming, on some winter crest,
To watch the moon among the naked trees
Hang like an unplucked orange in the west.



FLYING CLOUDS.

White barks which thro' the ocean air,
Speed on before the lashing winds,
To pass thro' mountain gaps afar,
Or founder on the upland pines.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE WORLDS.

Is there a fountain where the worlds
 Gush forth and, flowing, fill the brink
Of Universe ; where 'mong the pearls
 The gods kneel down to drink?

THE ENDLESS CHAIN.

The chain of endeavor, which man must ever
 Count link after link, will never be run;
We hope, we aspire, we wish, we desire,
 But we stand no nearer the end when done.

APPROACHING NIGHT.

The sunset's fire has kindled all the pines
 Which brow the red cliffs bathing in the light,
While softly whispering come the cool, crisp winds
 With drowsy tidings of approaching night.

HUMAN JUDGES.

We judge the world from benches of our own,
And earth to us is what we are to earth;
We see no heights beyond our mental zone,
And weigh no qualities beyond our worth.

OWNERSHIP.

These acres here do not belong to me;
By no man's law can I proclaim them mine;
But yonder chains of purple peaks we see,
Are mine by nature and by right divine.

THE SEA OF SONG.

Unanchored from the frozen hearts
Of men among our moneyed marts,
We spread our sail and glide along
The sweet celestial sea of song.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

The thoughts of God are mapped on every wing
Of bird or insect which creation knows;
Expressed in every living form and thing,
And printed on the leaves of every rose.

TO NATURE.

To nature and to nature's God,
Oh, may I ever loyal prove;
Portrayer of her seas and sod,
And singer of her worlds above.

DEATH.

To some death seems a kind of moat around
Life's city, where the fallen souls, denied
God's drawbridge, twinkle in the depths profound,
And watch the few lights gain the other side.

THE NORTH STAR.

Far in the northern portico
 Of heaven thro' the quiet night,
She watches till the morning's glow,
 And then, retiring, snuffs her light.

THE PATH OF ANCESTRY.

A million sepulchres are laid
 As stepping stones, which leading up
 From out the mist of ages, stop
For me—to fill the next grave made.

THE REAL.

The bloom which quickly fades and dies,
 Our hearts most truly love and prize;
The flower which stands in sculptured stone,
 Remains unloved, unsought, alone.

THE DAY OF A SAGE.

The day of a sage adds more to time
Than the life of a savage tribe;
And a kind word spoken is more sublime
Than the books of a cynic scribe.

THE FIRST STAR.

Far distant sun! heroic star!
Who dares to plant his camp-fire light
To twinkle on the dim frontier,
In that vast wilderness of night.

BIGOT.

The one whose mind-horizon lies
But little way beyond his eyes,
Is oft the one who thinks he sees
Far into Heaven's mysteries.

YOUR MODEL.

Choose but the best in everything;
Your model should be high;
And nothing short of the divine
Should ever satisfy.

THE SUN NEVER WAITS.

The sun never waits for the praises of man,
But pulls up the curtain of day,
While man ever waits for the clapping of hands,
Ere he starts with his next little play.

THE ALL-LIFE.

It rears the spheres in the heavens above,
Where the banners of God are furled,
And it fills and it thrills and it clothes the hills
Of this beautiful star-born world.

THE MISER.

Sad, slavish soul, that might be free!
Hard, hoarding, grasping hands which use
This part of God's eternity
In heaping up what they must lose.

THE SLAVE.

I pity him whose narrow view
Makes him a Godless slave
To gold, which may be taken to,
But not beyond the grave.

AMBITION'S PALACE.

The glittering palace which Ambition rears,
A distant goal thro' all our youthful years,
Becomes an empty, echo-haunted shell
When we've attained it with our gold—and tears.

THE STEP OF DEATH.

The step of Death is heard upon the stair;
The door swings slowly, while we see the night
Thrust dusky fingers in the tumbled hair,
And bid the world sink softly out of sight.

THE WAVES.

The silent waves which race the restless main,
Have sealed within their bosom, song and speech
Of sirens, which they liberate again,
In plaintive music on the pebbly beach.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Ambition earthly, with the clay,
Moulds faces withered in a day;
Ambition Heavenly, with the truth,
Moulds faces which retain their youth.

PART III.

PARLOR THEORIES OF THE GLOBE.

PARLOR THEORIES OF THE GLOBE.

A company of young people collect at the home of an entertaining aunt for an evening's discussion of some of the late theories of the globe.

Persons – Harvey, poet-philosopher, lately returned from a summer's outing. His brother and sister, George and Anna; Jenny, an admirer of the young poet, and her brother Willis.

Locality—The cottage parlor.

Present—George, Anna, Willis, Jenny, and the Aunt.

Geo.

Well, here we are, Aunt Mary—quite a school
We make, indeed, of young philosophers.
We come to probe, discuss and study out
The *whys* and *wherefores* of our little globe,—
Explaining things quite unexplainable,
And proving something of their nothingness.

Aunt Mary.

And where is Harvey?—you invited him;
Our party's incomplete without a poet.

Anna.

He said he'd come, but I have learned of late
To know that he is not reliable.
He is my brother, and, of course, I think
The world of him—but then it seems to me,
All poets much prefer the pale faced moon
To lighted parlors filled with happy friends.

They wander out on quiet nights like this,
By lonely ways to shun the face of man,
In fact the face of every smiling thing—
To go companion with the lonely winds,
And gaze upon that orb in which they see
Sights out of sight to others.

GEO.

Never mind,
Let's start the ball a-rolling. We'll enjoy
Ourselves while poets gaze upon the moon;
We are *philosophers*, come to debate
Those weighty questions which concern our globe,
And not fair Luna—that unloving maid
Has long been truant to the Mother Earth,
Who cast her off so many ages since,
And bade her go;—retreating thro' the door
Of heav'n she now is on her lonely way;
Let her depart; she is no good to us;
Leave her to bards. The question is, Resolved
That earth is earth—

ANNA.

That earth is earth!—well, yes;
What could it be, I ask, if not the earth;
A cabbage head, or, like the moon, green cheese?—
I much regret that Harvey is not here;
His queer conceptions of the world, I'm sure,
Would much amuse us.

WILLIS.

That may be, and yet
Your brother has, indeed, a wiser head
Than any of us, for he reads the books
Of all the deepest thinkers of the day.

ANNA.

Yes, yes! and that's what frightens me! He reads
The books of Darwin and those other chaps
Who claim that men sprang from the monkeys—well,
No doubt *they* did for some are monkeys yet.
He also ponders much upon the works
Of noted theorists, who think that they
Have fully solved the mystery of life.
He calls it "evolution," "higher thought,"
But for my part I can't see where the thought
Is very high, to think God's masterpiece
Evolved from something soulless as a cat!
I also grieve to think he wastes his time
With rocks and fossil bones which he collects
From everywhere, as well as wretched books
Of bad Darwinians. No good, I fear,
Can ever come of it in any way.

WILLIS.

Well, Anna, are you certain that a cat
Is soulless, quite? Darwin himself did not
Believe in half he wrote—he only wished
He might amuse the ministers, I'm told.

GEO.

Our brother now, I think, has changed his mind;
The trip to Colorado seemed to do
Him worlds of good. He speaks no more to us
Of theories relative to ape and man.
His mind is now absorbed by other thoughts.—
At times he seems as happy as a clam,
As if he held some secret in his bosom;
But lately he has met with serious loss,
I chance to know, which makes him very blue.
He had a bird, or something, in his trunk
Which he brought from a Colorado range;

I heard him telling mother if the house
Should chance to get on fire, and he away,
To never mind the books or specimens,
But save that trunk.
And mother told me since
That he had lost the treasure—bird or bat—
What ever it could be—I'll call it *It*,
For want of something better, for you see
I never dared to ask him what *It* was.

It seems he was admiring *It* one day,
Within his *fossil parlor*, where he keeps
His *freak menagerie*. By some mishap
It got away, and swooping thro' the air,
It gained the open window and escaped.
He looked for *It* for days, and yet *It* roams
A stranger in the orchard or the field—
And much, indeed, he mourns the loss of *It*.

WILLIS.

Well, George, it may have been the "missing link."
May be that boy will some day finish what
Darwin has left unfinished to the world.
He's bright enough.

ANNA.

Oh, bright enough, indeed!
And he's aware of it as well as we;
Therefore he has his pleasant summer trips,
To supplement his schooling with the peaks
And dried up river beds—the rest of us
Must be content with picnics close at home.

AUNT MARY.

Now how does all this talk concern the earth?

GEO.

And don't feel envious, sister. He should go
To follow up the river-drifts in search
Of "missing links;"—he understands the hunt
While we do not; so picnics do for us.

ANNA.

I heard him telling father once about
An ancient ape;—how it became the *man*
By snatching up a fire-brand, ablaze
From some volcanic lave—how he fled
With it aloft, held tightly in his hand,
Thro' forests dark and dismal where the beasts
Stared wildly at the fire-animal!
How all the birds went screaming to the skies,
And all the forest denizens were cowed,
Declaring him the mighty king of all!

WILLIS.

Well, man's the only fire-animal;
The only one who dares to tamper with
The flame, as you must know, so if the ape
Plucked up enough of courage in his heart
To seize and handle fire for defense
Against his brother beasts, why not the *man?*

ANNA.

And I have heard it said so many times,
That man's the only animal that laughs;
The only one that should be laughed at, then

AUNT MARY.

But what has this to do with our own globe?
You talk a minute and you stray a mile;
The earth is what we're here to talk about.

WILLIS.

Now I remember something Harvey said
Upon this subject;—we were looking thro'
The small museum in his private room.

He told me every little spark which flies
Into the gloomy silence of the night
From out the camp-fire of the wanderer,
Is but a world, which using, so he claims,
The fire beneath it for its solar sun,
It whirls and curls and twirls itself around
Until it cools sufficient for a life,
Which then appears upon its smutty face.
Oceans and lakes and towering mountain peaks,
And plains and valleys, rivers gushing forth;
And forms of life;—yes, even ape and man
Are formed in miniature, and as to time,
Our seconds to these little falling sparks
Are years and ages filled with history.

ANNA.

Now what a thought, that while the camper sleeps
And dreams beside his fire, all the night
Above him is alive with shining worlds,
Inhabited by living creatures, which
Look down upon his camp-fire as a sun,
Yet can not see their Maker, as it were,
Beside his embers in the chilly night,
As there he dreams, neglectful of their fate,
And quite unconscious of the startling fact,
That thus between his breaths the millions die,
To sink with ashes of their little worlds
Into the night of grasses.

GEO.

Quite as bad,
Dear sister, as the flooding of the world.

I've also heard him say that he believes,
Or thinks it probable, at least. that all
The moving stars upon the face of heaven
Are but volcanic particles, blown out
From some great crater of a mammoth world,
To float above the treetops, as the dust
Would float in rings above our orchard trees,
When hurled from off a passing carriage wheel.

JENNY.

You two are having lots of fun, it seems,
About your brother's theories, while my own
Good brother is inclined to help you out.

ANNA.

Hello! why, Jenny, how you startled me!
You've been so silent, sitting there alone
Beside the window, that we had indeed
Forgotten you.

WILLIS.

She's waiting for her lover.

ANNA.

Oh, waiting for her lover—She has none.
Why Jenny, think of it: if I were you,
And Harvey'd given me so cold a shake
As not to take me anywhere, I think
I'd not so much as look at him again.
You used to be together half your time;
In fact I thought—well, never mind that now—
I thought you'd be great friends at any rate;
But he's too deep in his philosophy,
Too much a poet of the "higher thought,"
To be a lover of the lower things.

JENNY.

I thank you, Anna; it does make me proud
For you to class me with the lower *things*.

ANNA.

I beg your pardon, dear, I did not mean
To class you with the things; come, let's make up.

AUNT MARY.

Now this is very interesting—this talk
On problems of our globe.

ANNA.

But Aunty, dear,
There is so very much to think about;
So very much I fear which may decide
Our future destiny, for I am told
That all our scientists are skeptical,
And how can doubters enter into Heaven?

Ah, silly souls, they never think of that!
They search the earth for fossils in the rocks,
And skeletons of prehistoric apes,
And when they find them, call them "missing links,"
And build up theories just to suit themselves.
Yes, so they guess and guess and guess again,
And prove by theory what they wish to prove—
Although I never knew them to convince
A soul, outside their own foolhardy clique,
Of any truth in all their guessing. Now
I think this is a sin against our God,
Aunt Mary; am I right?

AUNT MARY.

Quite right, may be,
My dear, and yet why not attempt, at least,
To gain a better knowledge of the Truth;

For our Creator must have placed us here
To read His work in nature, and so live
A useful life to mankind ere we go
To enter life upon another plane.

JENNY.

Well, Aunty, most is guess-work anyway;
Today's the day He's given us to work,
And we can trust Him, there is naught to fear,
Who knows what stands at far tomorrow's gate?

ANNA.

Oh, hush up, Jenny, those are idle words!
We grow so irreligious in our talk,
And wander out in darkness—we have strayed
Too far all ready.

WILLIS.

Well, let us return
To earth and talk about the globe.

ANNA.

Oh yes,
That is a better subject for us now,
And I'll begin it; let me see, the world;—
This world's a sphere and round—or nearly so—
'Tis flattened at the poles—no one's been there
To see how flat it is, of course, but then
We know 'tis *flat!* and that 'tis hollow, too;
Why yes, the gnomes which we have read about
Inhabit all the center of our globe.
The proof I offer is that all the world's
Great poets and philosophers agree
To this.

AUNT MARY.

Your theory's not a *solid* one.

GEO.

It rings a trifle hollow to my ears,
Besides that's old, dear sister, very old;
And unscientific, too, for all great minds
Are now agreed upon a theory which
Is more in keeping with the laws of truth.

This world is but a drop of water, formed
By a magnetic law,—which spun itself
From out the mists of heaven in ages past,
And gathered up the atmospheric dust
To form these continents and islands, which
Now float as bog upon its watery face.
The proof is that the continents of old
Were known to float together; even now
It has been proven scientificly,
That we are drifting toward the Philippines,
And leaving Spain still farther to our east.

AUNT MARY.

That liquid theory, George, it seems to me,
Is in deep water.

WILLIS.

Yes, too deep for me,
And yet that theory was accepted once
As truth by all the learned scientists;
But very recently the world's been shocked
By the discoveries of an Irishman.
By most scientific methods, he has shown
This world to be a *bag of wind*, and claims
The rotary motion which is given it,
Sustains its surface like a waxen rind,
Which keeps the wind a prisoner and makes
The world float as a bubble on the sea
Of ether. Proof:—his science proves it so.

ANNA.

Ha, ha! how cute! but if the rind should split
The rush of the escaping gas would blow
The stars to atoms, while the earth would sink,
A bursted football to eternity.

AUNT MARY.

There's too much wind in that, my boy. Who next?

ANNA.

Now, Jenny, we have all expressed ourselves,
While you've remained so silent, sitting there
Beside the window where the moon streams in;—
You're dreaming, girl, her light's too bright for you;
Please face the room and favor us at once
With spheric lore.

JENNY.

I have no theory
Which can compare with any of your own;
It may be Harvey has—and here he comes..

ANNA.

Why, sure enough! our poet comes at last!
I see him in the moonlight—passing now
The shadow of the orchard wall—and it
Is late already! I wonder where he's been?—
Oh see, he gazes up the apple trees;
He stops; now comes again; he's looking for
That bird or *It* which flew away from him
The other day,—or else he's making rhymes
On Luna, she's so very bright tonight;
Enough to raise a poet's heart above
The fairest maid on earth, with all her charms
And smiles—but hist! he enters by the hall.

AUNT MARY.

Good evening, Harvey; we are waiting here,
What makes you late?

HARVEY.

I met a farmer boy
Who told me he had seen what he believed
To be a bat fly thro' the moonlit sky,
And settle down among the apple trees,
And he was looking for it, so I thought
I'd stop and help him in the search, which made
Me late.

ANNA.

And did you find it, brother dear?

HARVEY.

He must have been mistaken, for we spent
An hour trailing thro' the dew wet grass
And currant bushes for a sign of life,
Without success,—and then we gave it up.

AUNT MARY.

Well, we've enjoyed this evening very well,
Discussing problems of our little globe,
And yet we've missed you, Harvey, very much;
We have no leader in scientific themes
When you're away; we all get lost in *talk;*
But I am told that you have gained of late
Some newer knowledge of our little sphere—
Your mother having dropped me hints of this—
Please, will you place before us here tonight
The plan by which it was builded in the sky?

WILLIS.

I've given them those theories of the world
Which you have given me at different times.

We have discussed and weighed the bag of wind,
The drop of water and the hollow shell,
The ball of fire and the volcanic sparks,
You told us of.

HARVEY.

I have related much
Which I had read in speculative books,
But I've discovered very recently
That these are false, and that such writings are
But stumbling-blocks to science, in a way.
This world's true face has never yet been brought
To light as I much hope to bring it soon,
For I have found a miniature of earth.

ANNA.

Where did you find it, on the mountain peaks
Of Colorado?

HARVEY.

Yes, exactly so—
When I was strolling o'er the Snowy Range
With pick and glass in search of specimens,
Along the cliffs of the Jurassic rock—
Where often blows a cold and vigorous wind
From off the inland plains—I saw a sight
Which gave me thoughts which I must give the world.

In just one moment, like a flash, there came
The true solution of creation, which
I will outline in story if I may
Intrust you with my fullest confidence,
As I'm not ready yet to have the world
Know aught of this,—my great discovery.

ANNA.

Well, tell us all about it, Harvey dear,

We'll never breathe it to a living soul.

HARVEY.

'Twas on that towering Snowy Range one day,
When I had reached the summit bright with sun,
That I beheld some flying objects which
Came from a pinnacle of shattered rock,
And whirling round and round upon the air,
Like leaves of autumn in an eddying gust,
They crossed a broken ridge and disappeared.

I sought the rocks from whence they took their flight,
And found that there were others starting out
To have a sail on billows of the wind.
It seemed that there was quite a nest of them,
Hid deep in fissures of the mossy rock,
To wait the coming of a fresh'ning gale,
That they might mount and circle o'er the land.

In searching 'mong the grass and matted moss,
I found one little chap—a ground-like ball—
Hastening to join his comrades on the wind;
But I secured it as I would a bird.
'Twas like an orange, with a wrinkled skin,
And holding it within my hands it throbbed
With life and fear, while tiny puffs of smoke
Came out at little openings on its side.

I took my glass to magnify the find:
There were depressions o'er its little shell
Filled full with water, as our lakes and seas;
Thro' these clear pools the creature seemed to breathe,
As well as see, for they were also eyes.
I held it up toward the light and placed
My microscope upon it, when I found
That I was gazing at a fairy world!—
A real, a living world!—for all at once

A rainbow flashed across a little lake
Upon its side much as we see them span
The foaming basin of a waterfall,
Or hills upon a rainy continent.

Then looking closer, I beheld, far back,
A soft light falling thro' a vapory mist
Upon a chain of hillocks, dim with smoke.
I took my knife and severed this queer thing,
When from its little vitals there gushed forth
A stream of blood-like lava, pouring hot
From out the little being, while I watched
Its beating heart grow limp and still in death.

Here, then, was but a world in miniature!
A model of the earth we live upon!
Placed by the great creative Hand upon
This planet as a little harmless toy,
To teach to mankind that these lesser worlds
Are but a type of this, the larger one.

There gazing o'er the lonely mountain land,
Within my hand a wrecked and lifeless world,
A sadness fell upon me—giving way
To joyful triumph as the new-born truth
Dawned slowly like the morning of a life—
Until I cried in ecstasy of great delight,
"Oh Earth! how strange, how wonderful thou art!
And no philosopher has fathomed thee!"

ANNA.

And where's this model—where a *living* world?

HARVEY.

Well, hunting thro' the grass and weeds, I found
Another which had rolled beneath a stone,
And brought it home securely in my trunk,
To study out the great phenomenon.

One day I wished to show it to a friend,
And took it from the trunk, when it escaped
And darting thro' the window, disappeared.

AUNT MARY.

Now who's the *friend* you mention, may I ask?
Some one in whom you truly must confide
Your many secrets. Now, I think of it,
Your mother told me just the other day
A pleasant story—

JENNY.

Now, Aunty, may I speak
For him? He's told his little story now,
And I can testify to part of it—
The latter part—I am the favored friend
In whom he places confidence.
One day
While we were in his "freak-menagerie"—
As George has pleased to call it—he brought out
This miniature of earth he's spoken of,
And told its fairy history to me.
It was so queer! It puffed its little sides,
And seemed to struggle with an inward power
To liberate itself to roam again!
I asked him to intrust the little soul
To me; I wished to hold it in my hands;
But when I clasped my fingers round it, oh!
It was so creepy that it made me start;
For fear the little beating thing might bite!
In this unguarded moment, I relaxed
My hold upon it when it pulled away
And darted thro' the window!
When at last
I realized the loss and what I'd done,
I broke down moaning like a little child;

But Harvey here consoled me, saying he
Could get another when the summer comes.
I told him I should go myself and search
Until I found one, now that I had been
So very, very stupid as to lose
For him so strange and rare a specimen.

But he again assured me that the loss
Was not so much as future gain might be,
And if I went to search the Snowy Range
To find another, he'd accompany me,
And we would undertake the search together.
Now just what followed, I will not divulge,
For what was said is only precious to
Harvey and myself.

And all the plans
Are made awaiting summer's early blooms;
We may be young, but not too young to start
Upon the voyage of scientific life,
And I for one do not intend to lose
Another world intrusted to my hands.—
And now as Harvey is to see me home,
And it is getting late, may we adjourn
To carry home each blessing and—Good-night.

PART IV.

SONGS FROM MOUNTAIN LANDS.

SONGS FROM MOUNTAIN LANDS.

PRELUDE.

God-loved and God-clothed and God-gilded
With the gold which eve showers in dust—
God-thought and God-wrought and God-builded,
Are the mountains, far into the west;
These mountains which shoulder the sunsets
While a darkness flows over the rest.

High mountains which reach into spaces,
Intersected by worlds of the night,
To companion star-clusters, star-faces,
Star worlds which are gilded with light;
To companion these hosts till the roses
Of morning fall over the height.

Bold mountains which gather the roses
To array in their soft, airy caps,
To be pressed to their cold, snowy noses,
And be tucked in their vast, winter wraps,—
Falling down, as the shrinking night closes,
On their far-covered, pine-scented laps.

MORNING.

The peaks are tipped with morning,
 While o'er the parkland steals
A soft, gray light which follows
 The night's retreating heels;
The creeks, deep in their canons,
 Still sing and sing of night,
While o'er them fly the arrows
 Of soft and rosy light.

A thin, gray smoke still lingers
 From smouldering fires, where
The camper casts his blankets
 To drink the morning air,
And feeds his dying embers,
 Until the sparkling blaze
Leaps up to aid the morning
 Along the rocky ways.

With back against his fire,
 He gazes far away
To peaks along the ranges,
 Where breaks the blaze of day,
And sees the shadows shrinking—
 Wee, tardy strips of night,
Which lie corraled by morning,
 Too weak to face the light.

ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

I.

Glimpses of snow-capped mountains,
 Reaches of lonely plains,
Parks which are dark with pinons,
 And skies where the sunset wanes;

Threading of silvery streamlets,
 Drifting of distant herds,
Quivering leaves of the aspen,
 And flocks of beautiful birds.

II.

God-led upon the mountain-side,
 I tramp these sunny, green inclines,
And drink in draughts of pure delight
 The healing odor of the pines.

The flowers scattered by the way,
 Nod in the soft and gentle breeze—
Kissed by the tender lips of day,
 They cast their perfume 'mong the trees.

Stray members of the distant herd,
 Adrift along secluded ways,
With peavines streaming from their horns,
 Lift high their clean, sleek heads to gaze.

Above my head, from grove to grove,
 Great clouds of birds swoop thro' the air
To colonize each bush and tree,
 And scatter music everywhere.

Great, spreading mesas, where the grass
Rolls like a sea before the winds,
To break against the aspen clumps,
Which reach dominions of the pines.

I stand and gaze o'er sunny hills
To hazy peaks and lazy plains,
Or pick my way with dreamy heart
Where Nature leads and entertains.

Well mapped the valley lies afar,
Thro' which the streamlets thread their way,
By sunny cliffs, thro' willowed shade,
And in the open face of day.

Far on the pinon parks below,
The wormfence climbs the clay-streaked hills,
Along the bluffs, by scattered pines,
To dip in shallows of the rills.

Across the meadows, lush with grass,
Loose bands of horses sweep away
From knoll to knoll, with flowing manes,
Like shadows passing thro' the day.

Far out upon the distant plain,
Which stretches from the mountain lands
Like one vast, undulating sea,
The lonely herdsman's cabin stands.

While just beyond, the grazing sheep,
Like white clouds fallen on the land,
Drift on and on past broken buttes,
Uplifted from the desert sand,

Oh, what a place to stray and dream,
And think of Nature and her God!
To dream and stray with aimless feet
Along her bloom-besprinkled sod!

And when the peaks at last are gained,
How sweet to watch the slanting beams,
Of sunset, as she softly wanes
To fill the mountain land with dreams.

THE DEATH OF AUTUMN.

On the breast of dying Autumn
Lie the withered blossoms now;
Soft, her golden hair is falling,
While the death-dew stamps her brow.

At her feet an angel standeth,
Wrapped in cold and somber cloud,
And the winds are singing dirges,
As the frost prepares her shroud.

Darker yet the days sweep over,
Colder grow the winds of fate,
Redder still the distant sunset,
Flashing thro' its opal-gate.

Softly sinking, Summer's sister,
With her angel's pleading call,
Fades into the arms of heaven,
And December spreads her pall.

THE MOUNTAIN.

I watched the distant evening star
 Sink lower in the cold, blue west,
Until it reached yon lonely peak,
 And glimmered on its snowy crest.

There as a queen in robes of white,
 The mountain wore her sparkling gem,
Until the sinking hand of night,
 Removed it from her diadem.

Bereft, in darkness thus, she wrapped
 A cloudy mantle round her form
In sullen majesty, and wept
 The lowering heavens into storm.

A COLORADO NIGHT.

The moon is drifting o'er the peaks
 All capped with crowns of snowy white,
Reflected from the tumbling creeks
 Which murmur to the ear of night.
Across the rocks her waning light
 Is lavished with a soothing glow
On sleeping Nature—dreaming quite,
 The dreams which dreamers love to know;
 While in the pines
 The whispering winds
Rock coney cradles to and fro.

The moon is down; the world is dark;
 A faint light lingers o'er the crest
Of distant peaks, which dimly mark
 The ragged range along the west.
The sinking stars upon the breast
 Of midnight pause, and twinkle o'er
Yon western world, as if they rest,
 And rest and rest to spin no more,—
 While in the pines
 The nestling winds
Are whispering softer than before.

NATURE'S POETS.

The sweetest poets that rehearse
The songs of Love divine,
Are those that never write a verse,
Or never scan a line.

Out in the garden of their God,
With sunlight smiling fair,
They sing but to the virgin sod
And nodding blossoms there.

Oh, happy birds that flock the grove,
And on the meadows throng,
You fill me, thrill me with a love
That's native to your song!

I hail you when the early breeze
Steals softly o'er the glade,
And morning fills your palace trees
With checkered sun and shade.

I breathe a music in the air
As morning's first bequest,
I hold it as a fitting prayer
When sunset paints the west.

The grandest poems of our Love
Are never writ by pen,
They seem to fall from heaven above,
And seal the lips of men.

THE WIND.

I.

The wind creeps in with the early light
O'er the sun-flecked clouds of morn,
And mounts to the back of the flying night,
Like a trumpeter with his horn.

The midday hears in the vaulted blue,
The sound of his plaintive cry,
And the house eaves catch his weird halloo,
As he sweeps to the open sky.

II.

The wind creeps out with the fleeting day—
Creeps out thro' the evening gate,
And the clouds blush red—then turn to gray
As the hour grows dark and late.

The night is on and the little stream
Is the only voice I hear—
Its murmur falls like a passing dream
Of music on my ear.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight falls upon the village,
And the summits far away,
As a pall of ashes, covering
Up the embers of the day.

With it falls the sense of slumber,
Filling all the dreamy eyes
With a twilight, just as restful
As the twilight of the skies.

AUTUMN.

I.

Falling,—
The red and the golden leaves
From the lonely bush which the wind bereaves,
While the magpie's cry the silence grieves—
Calling.

II.

Sinking,—
The disk of the Autumn sun,
With the shadows creeping the parks upon,
While here I watch when the day is done—
Thinking.

SONG.

Ah, the sun will never darken
Till we need no more the sun;—
And the harp will not be broken
Till its melodies are done.

Heaven's love, in visions beaming
Like a light, will ever beam,
While the dreamer plans the dreaming
And the building of his dream.

And the stars will rise and twinkle,
And the moon will wax and wane,
And the ocean roll and wrinkle,
While the flowers need the rain.

PART IV.

SUN AND SHADOW.

SUN AND SHADOW.

SONG.

The one who breaths the air of Love
 Knows but the bloom of earth below,
Knows but the blue of heaven above,
 Knows just what lovers ought to know.

Knows but the rose and not the thorn,
 And gazing o'er his bright'ning life,
He sees the fields of Pleasure rife
 With blossoms op'ning in the morn.

He never looks for mold or cold
 Within his gardens hedged with bloom,
He never looks for storm or gloom
 Within Love's heavens fringed with gold.

TO-NIGHT.

Oh come, my dear Love, while the fire is bright,
And the witch-clouds are riding the gales of the night,
And the wind is boo-hooing in the treetop and cone,
And the moon is alone—in her glory alone;
Come out of the darkness, come into the light,
And let us be lovers again for to-night.

I looked in the even an hour ago,
Where the light faintly wavered on ranges of snow,
And I saw a lone cloud in the glare of the west,
With the rose of the sunset aglow on its breast,
And I thought of thee, darling, so fair and so bright,
And I wished we were lovers again for to-night.

The birds in the forest are nestling in love,
'Neath the light of the star-sprinkled heavens above;
The wind in the mountains has dropped into sighs,
As it steals softly over their dream-closed eyes,
And brings the past to me in dreams of delight,
And I long for the love of a lost one to-night.

The path which leads back to the cradle of morn,
Is dim with the tear-drops on flower and thorn;
Oh the roses ungathered, unkissed and unpressed,
And the thorns which have pierced the lone couch of my rest!—
Would all be forgotten if hearts could unite,
And dream as true lovers again for to-night.

The midnight draws near and the heavens grow still;
The wind falls to sleep on the brow of the hill,
And the cold world is vacant, below and above,
And life becomes worthless with no one to love;
Hushed down into silence the embers grow white,
And the darkness drops over your lover to-night.

ROCK, BOAT, ROCK AWAY.

Out upon the lapping tide
In our boat we rowed away;
She was sitting by my side,
Young and happy, bright and gay.
"We may tip the boat," I said,
"Tip it, ere we get a mile!"
But she tossed her pretty head—
"We will risk it"—with a smile.
Then we sang with faces fair,
Blushing in the morning air,
Laughing like the sunny spray,
Rock, boat, rock away.

Out upon the sea of life,
Hand in hand we pulled together;
While the summer land was rife
With the blooms of rosy weather.
"We may both capsize," I said,
"If the waves be high, my dear!"
On my arm she leaned her head.
"We may risk it"—with a tear.
Then we sang with hopeful eyes
Lifted to the morning skies,
Smiling in the arch of day,
Rock, boat, rock away.

Out upon the tide of age
In our bark we drifted on;
Life was turning down a page,
And the light was almost gone.
"We will soon go down," I said;

"What of death which lingers nigh?"
On my breast she laid her head.—
"We must risk it"—with a sigh.
Then we sang with faces turned
Out to where the sunset burned,
Watching life's descending day,
Rock, boat, rock away.

THE PASSING OF DEATH.

Oh brother, the lightning is lashing the west,
And the windows flash red in the glare;
A rose has been placed on Love's beautiful breast,
And there's death in the turbulent air!

The angels have harnessed the horses of clouds,
With their starry eyes sparkling and bright,
And their long sweeping manes like the flowing of shrouds—
For our sister is dying to-night!

I hear them! they near us! O brother, they come!
Wheeling down thro' the path of the stars!
With sparks flying wild thro' the windows of home,
And a jar like the rumbling of cars!

When the wheels of the thunder roll up at the door,
And the whip of the lightning swings bright,
They will bear her away from our home evermore,
With those rain-spangled chargers of night.

They will bear her away thro' dominions of air—
Where the day-gilded satellites glide—
By the Angel of Death, with a star in her hair,
She will ride as a beautiful bride.

I hear them! I hear them! the window grows dark—
Ah, the hearse has drawn up at the door!
And the steeds are so fiery and restless, and—hark!
Who steps on the cold, silent floor?

I see them! I see them! they're raising her now!
And her face is so lovely, so white!
Oh look! the dear sister!—a tear on her brow—
She is bidding us, brother, good-night.

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

It was dark—very dark—
And I did not know the land,
So she took me by the hand,
And she led me till a spark
From the lamplight of our home,
Pierced the sullen depth of gloom,
Then said sweetly, "There's the light,
Charley, kiss me," and—"Good-night."

II.

Oh 'tis dark—very dark!
Come and take my hand again,
Love, for all this world is vain;
Come and lead me till some spark,
Like a star from heaven above,
Kindles all my soul to love,
Then say sweetly, "Here's the light,
Kiss me, Charley," and—"Good-night."

GOD AT WORK.

—And God has labored, why not you?—
 Is lab'ring, planning, forming still;
 Look out across the morning hill
Besprinkled with the early dew.

The pathway leading to the sun
 Is strewn with roses;—mile on mile
 Of bright'ning meadows wear the smile
Of Nature's fair and charming one.

Look out across the sunset hills
 And see the groves so tall and fair,
 Outlined against the ev'ning air,
Where God still fashions, forms, and builds.

Look in the starry face of night,
 And see those spinning worlds, which shine
 The quenchless lamps of One divine,
Who works beside His holy light.

Go stray away in twilight murk,
 Go stroll away thro' sunny hills,
 And hark! the birds, the winds, the rills,
The soft, shy echoes!—God at work.

Go lose thyself in woodlands fair,
 On lonely plains, in mountain lands,
 On deserts with their barren sands,
And oceans,—God is working there.

And so we hear Him in the hills,
 We feel Him, see Him in the air,
 We seek Him, find Him everywhere,
We know Him, trust Him while He builds.

LOVE IS A FLOWER.

Love is a flower
 Blooming to-day,
Youth is its hour
 Passing away,
Passing from sunlight into the grey.

Frost with the even
 May come and may blight
Love, which by Heaven
 Was garnished with light,
And leave it to droop in the sadness of night.

Love, then, fair maiden,
 Trustful while yet
Life is unladen
 With painful regret,
And the sun of thy promising life has not set.

THE GROVE IN WINTER.

When the birds have flown away,
And the woods are stripped and lonely
Where the timid rabbits play
On their trails across the snow,
How our hearts they sink and sadden,
For the naked trees seem only
Mossy skeletons, which haunt us
As the loves of long ago.

L. of C.

THE BEES AND THE BEAR.

Once the Bees took up a homestead in an oak tree, large and tall,
Where they pilfered from pre-emptions of a Bear;
But there was no law for Bruin, so he robbed them after all,
And he left them breadless, bedless, unaware!

THIS WORLD.

There are shadows in this world,
 On our hearts, as on the plain,
There are hours when we feel
 Sharp regretting, filled with pain,
And our spirits waver vexed—
Are there shadows in the next?

There are pleasures in this world;
 There is love which fills the heart,
There is peace which soothes the soul,
 There is beauty, there is art,
And the question comes; perplexed,
Shall we have them in the next?

THE DAY OF LIFE.

How fair the skies of childhood were—
 Life's morning filled with bud and bloom—
But as the noon wheels overhead
With clouds of trouble, care and dread,
 We shrink to face the gathering gloom.

The drifting clouds which sweep the noon,
 Split, quite, our length'ning day in two;
But as the ev'ning, soft and bright,
Spills o'er the hills her peaceful light,
 Our day appears as born anew.

Turn not to face a cloudy past,
 For if the sunset hills be bright,
We may be happy, and rejoice
To know that ev'ning's soothing voice
 Calls out the hopeful stars of night.

GOD'S FLOWERS.

The throbbing heart with still repeat,
 Strikes off a life's declining hour,
And at its last vibrative beat,
It falls at Death's destroying feet,
While o'er its ashes blooms complete,
 The Soul, as God's eternal flower.

—So all our earthly loves are dust,
 Returning to the senseless clod—
Which angels kiss—as angels must—
With tender lips of loving trust,
And lo! from out its gloom is thrust
 A blossom, looking up to God.

EACH DAY IS A LIFE.

Look with youthful eyes of pleasure
On the blue hills far away,
Where the sunbeams without measure
Kiss the infant lips of day.

Each day is a life, little life;
Which comes with the breath of morning—
With the soft, pleasing whispers of morning—
With the light of the beautiful morning—
And ends with its joy or its strife
In a death, with the death of the evening—
With the shades and the whispers of evening—
With the wonderful myst'ries of evening.

Look where hopeful vision flashes
Where the sunset sinks away,
As its life-blood turns to ashes
On the aged cheeks of day.

THE FLOWER.

A little flower, meek and mild,
 Spoke to the wind which hovered near—
In straying thro' the woodland wild,
To brush from off the timid child
 A little dewy tear.

"Oh, where's my mother? tell me, pray;
 I can not see her smiling near;
And oh, how lonely 'tis to stay
Thro' all the night and all the day
 Without my mother here!"

"Betwixt you, child, a winter lies,"
 The wind replied, "and at this place
Last year I watched her close her eyes,
And fanned with cold November sighs,
 Her pinched and placid face."

"But all her beauty, all her grace,
 Has gone but to enrich the bower,
That you might wear a milder face,
A brighter smile to cheer the place,
 And grow a sweeter flower."

A SAND STORM.

Over the sunset plains it blows,
The wind! the wind! the wind!
And away in the whirling gust there goes
The sand!—the clouds of sand!
And the wings of wind
In their hurried flight,
Leave stretched behind
In the moaning night,
The drifts of sand
On the midnight land,
And the soap-weeds smothered on every hand.

Now over the western hills it goes,
The night—the night—the night—
While close behind in a stream there flows
The light—the rosy light.
It is morning now,
And the wind is down,
And the gravelly brow
Of each hill around,
Is clean and bare,
Save here and there,
Where a soap-weed struggles to kiss the air.

Pueblo, 1889.

MEMORIAL DAY.

I.

Thro' the little square of glass,
Baby sees the soldiers pass;
And he picks from out the throng
Papa, as he comes along,
Marching with the soldiers gay,
Honoring Memorial Day.
How the baby laughs, and taps
On the window at the caps,
And the shining bayonets
On the guns of the cadets
And the veterans;—turning now,
Sees his mother's thoughtful brow
As she holds some flow'rs to give
To some stranger's barren grave.

II.

Papa marches once again
Sadly in the lines of men.
But his baby watches not
From the window of their cot.
There a mother, standing back
From the doorway, dressed in black,
Watches pass the bright array
As on last Memorial Day.
But alone she standeth there,
With some flowers fresh and fair,
Gathered from the rocky steeps,
For her baby boy who sleeps
With his cheeks against the dark,
In the little mountain park.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Now the evening shadows fall
Thro' the hall;
See, they're closing in upon
Every filmy strip of sun,
And the hall is left in dark—
Now the night-wind cold, and damp,
Comes to greet us from the park—
Light the lamp.

Now, within our lighted walls,
Hear the falls
O'er the ledges of the creeks,
Tumbling downward from the peaks
To the valley land below—
Sparkling in the starry beam,
While the shadows deeper grow—
Let us dream.

LUNA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

When the sun sank down
With a weary frown
O'er the western hilltops, bare and brown,
It said to the moon, "Keep house to-night."

So she swept the room
With a windy broom,
And tore down trees in the dismal gloom,
And ruffled seas to a foamy white.

When the sun's great eye
From the eastern sky
Gazed over the landscape, far and nigh,
He cried, "What a sad, untidy floor!"

"Oh my Luna, dear,
What does this mean?—here
Are wild disorder and grief!—I fear
I can trust you, girl, with my house no more."

There were branches piled
In confusion wild,
And the seas and the lakes and the streams defiled
With the leaves, which the windy broom had hurled—

While the moon a-west,
Settled down to rest,
With a beaming face and a laugh suppressed,
Which tittered in moonbeams over the world.

A DECEMBER DAY.

All day the bleary sun has shone
 In cold December's sky;
All day the wind with weary moan
 Has swept the sidewalks by.

Long, icy daggers line the eaves—
 The snow beneath our feet—
While last November's crumpled leaves,
 Are rustling on the street.

From out the chimneys of the town
 The smoke floats high and gray,
To watch the cold sun setting down,
 And catch its last faint ray.

THE PRAYER.

A pious man one evening late,
 Was standing with uplifted face
Besides his snow-capped garden gate,
 To watch the black clouds roll and race.

Far down the wind-swept icy street,
 He saw a bent and wretched form,
Who trudged with slow and weary feet,
 And wrestled with the rising storm.

"Oh Lord," he prayed, "In mercy come,
 And soothe his unbefriended fate;
He has no fire, no food, or home!"—
 Then turned to seek his blazing grate.

Down from the scowl of heaven above
 There fell a voice to smite his ear!—
"And thou hast home and hearts to love,
 What canst thou do his way to cheer?"

"Go seek thy brother, bring him in,
 If he be hungry, give him bread—
For all humanity is kin—
 And share with him thy fire and bed.

"Show him a friendship, kind and true,
 By sharing comforts of thy wealth,
And never ask thy God to do
 What thou canst easily do thyself."

ECHOES.

The mist comes down to flank the fields,
In banks of sad and sullen gray,
Which trail the woodtops and the hills—
The echoes will not ring to-day.

But we, beside our fire bright,
Can fancy, Love, that it is May;
Can fancy that the Spring is here,
Tho' all the echoes sleep to-day.

The sadness of the skies without
Chase not the thoughts of thee away,
And e'er betwixt thy heart and mine,
Shall tremble echoes all the day.

Ah, in this world of greed and haste,
With misty clouds around, above,
So many lives are left to waste,
Without an echo for their love.

SONG.

Higher, oh thought, in thy flight;
Sweetly the day has begun;
Rise as a lark from the night,
Mount to the face of the sun.

Nearer, oh heart, to thy shrine;
Day it has risen above;
Nearer creations, divine,
Nearer ideals of love.

Truer, oh Life, in thy aim—
Soul of the Infinite Soul,
Spark of an Infinite Flame,
Part of the Infinite Whole.

JUL 26 1900

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